

WASHINGTON & LINCOLN EXERCISE.

No. 1.

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DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.



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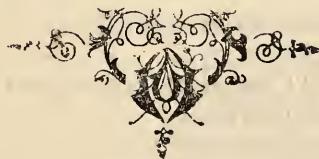
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WASHINGTON & LINCOLN EXERCISE.

—(O)—

ARRANGED BY

MRS. H. W. HOWE,



PUBLISHED BY
SCHOOL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
DARROWVILLE, OHIO.

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WASHINGTON & LINCOLN EXERCISE.

—:o:— TEACHER'S ADDRESS.

THE TWO men whose memories are most revered by the people of the United States are Washington and Lincoln. The former, according to the estimate of his times, was born of the aristocracy, and enjoyed the advantages, the comforts, and the luxuries which his wealth and position afforded. The other entered life in a log cabin, contended with poverty from the start, and by hard manual labor earned the necessities of life. He was one of the common people, and belonged to the great middle class when he was elected to the presidency.

It was not by virtue of his birth, or his possessions, that either found favor with his fellows, but by their patriotic devotion to their country's interests. No task was too severe; no sacrifice too great for either, if thereby the best interests of their countrymen could, in their judgement, be promoted. Separated as they were from each other in time; under widely different circumstances and conditions, they were governed by the same principles and the same motives. They were wise counselors, and there is no conflict in the sentiments they uttered. Teaching the same lessons their words may be reproduced on

the same platform. As Washington preceeded in life, our first exercise will bear reference to him.

Song—Washington and Liberty.

We meet again to hail the morn,
When Washington for us was born,

He was a soldier brave and true,
Who saved this land for me and you.

CHORUS.

Patriots brave then let us be,
Ever free from tyranny,
Sing the song from sea to sea,
Washington and Liberty.

FULL CHORUS. *With enthusiasm.*

Bravely thou fought and well, our land to free,
Gladly our voices swell, to honor thee.

On, on, they come, Old England's sons.
With flying flags and beating drums;
"Fear not," said one, "but guard your own,
And strike for your hearth and home."

CHO. and FULL CHO.

May all who now are gathered here,
Hold liberty and country dear;
And bravely, firmly ever stand
To guard our own fair native land.

CHO. and FULL CHO.

(The music to this song will be found on page 92 of
GOLDEN GLEES. 35 cents per copy.
\$3.60 per dozen.

Recitation—Why.

The guns were banging in the street,
The drums were beating loud,
The crackers snapped, the cannon boomed,
Hurrahed the merry crowd.

“What’s this?” cried grandpa, looking glum,
(Of course ’twas all in fun),
“Has Fourth July got round again?
There goes another gun!”

He put his glasses on to look,
He held his ears to hear;
“What is this racket all about?
Just hear those youngsters cheer!”

The children laughed in merry glee;
“This is—now don’t you know?
The day that Washington was born,
So many years ago.”

“And why,” asked grandpa, puzzled still,
Though he is seventy-nine,
“Should you his birthday celebrate
With better cheer than mine?”

Then up spoke honest little Ted,
“Grandpa, I’ll tell you why,
Because—because *in all his life*
He never told a lie!”

February Gave Us

George Washington, the 22nd,
Abraham Lincoln, the 12th,

WASHINGTON AND

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the 27th.
James Russell Lowell, the 22nd.

Washington and Lincoln were born patriots, the influence of whose lives taught, and are every day teaching lessons of pure patriotism. They stand out in the firmament of America's constellation of patriots as the largest and brightest of planets shine prominent in the heavens. The lives of such men and their great contemporaries are, indeed, a fruitful field out of which the teacher may gather the best blossoms of patriotism that can be taught.

WASHINGTON.

FEB'Y 22.

ALPHABETICAL EXERCISE.

This exercise is designed for sixteen pupils. The teacher names the first letter; the pupil having the paragraph beginning with that letter, then stands and recites it. The teacher then prints the letter on the blackboard, names the second letter, and the exercise continues in that way. If one of the pupils can write large and handsome letters he should be chosen to write them instead of the teacher. If preferred, fancy letters can be made and hung in line, as the exercise goes on. On square pieces of pasteboard gilt letters can be easily painted for this purpose.

* * * * *

Great, good, and wise was George Washington
He led the American people in war, and guided
them in peace,

Even a great man like Washington, knew much of hardship. We can hardly imagine his sufferings at Valley Forge, during the Revolutionary War. His soldiers were cold, sick and hungry. The officers too, had hardly sufficient food and clothing. On the ground were sometimes seen traces of the soldier's bleeding feet. All this filled Washington's heart with distress. All this time too, many people complained of him unjustly. He bore these troubles with patience.

On Long Island he was defeated, and many of his soldiers killed. From that island he made a skillful retreat. He was great in failure as well as in success.

Rightly was he called the "American Fabius," because like that Roman general, he defended his people bravely against their enemies.

Great generosity was shown in his life. When appointed commander-in-chief of the colonial forces during the Revolutionary War, he accepted the office only on condition that he should receive no salary. He would keep an exact account of his expenses, but beyond that he would accept nothing.

Even to his enemies he showed compassion and courtesy. When he visited at Trenton the dying leader whom he had conquered, he treated him like a friend; and he never allowed his soldiers to taunt their fallen foes.

When the Treaty of Peace was signed at Paris in 1783, he was free to return to his home in Virginia,—Mount Vernon, on the Potomac River.

He resigned his position to Congress, bade a touching farewell to his officers, and retired to private life, followed by the love and gratitude of the people.

At New York, April 30, 1789, he was inaugurated the first President of the United States.

Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers. Strew your hero's way with flowers;" sang the ladies of Trenton, as he passed through that city on his way to New York; and on the entire journey, the people were eager to pay him honor.

His birthday was February 22, 1732. He died April 14, 1799.

In personal appearance he was tall, his height measured exactly six feet, graceful and erect. He had brown hair and grey eyes. In manners, he was dignified and manly. In his home life, admired and beloved by all.

Nellie Curtis, his adopted daughter, was very dear to him. He always had a smile for her, however tired or anxious he might be. She would stand on tip-toes, hold on to the button of his coat, and whisper to him her girlish secrets. His adopted son also regarded him with love and reverence.

George Washington the brave, the wise, the good. Supreme in war, in council and in peace. Washington, valiant, without ambition; discreet, without fear; confident, without presumption. Washington in disaster, calm; in success, moderate; in all, himself. Who, when he had won all, renounced all, and sought in the bosom of his family and of nature, retirement; and in the hope of religion, immortal life." This tribute was paid to Wash-

ington by Dr. Andrew Lee, an English philanthropist.

The people of our own country seek to honor Washington, by naming for him their high mountains their fair cities, and their children. All over the country monuments have been erected in his name; and at Washington, the national capitol, named for him, is a beautiful white monument, the highest and most costly of all.

On his death-bed he was calm and said: "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go."

Not all can be as great as Washington, but all can seek to be as good; and it is better to be good than great. For his greatness, Washington was admired; for his goodness, he was both admired and beloved.

Words of Washington.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience.

Speak not evil of the absent; it is unjust.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Great Britain thought she was only to hold up the rod and all would be hushed.

When we assumed the soldier, we did not lay aside the citizen.

Be cool, but determined. Do not fire at a distance; but wait for orders from your officers.

We must not despair; the game is yet in our hands; to play it well is all we have to do.

Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties and properties will be secured.

Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.

It will not be doubted, that, with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance.

The great Searcher of human hearts is my witness that I have no wish which aspires beyond the humble and happy lot of living and dying a private citizen, on my own farm.

Washington's Embarrassment.

"But Washington took pains to succeed," says a writer in Harper's Magazine, in telling of George Washington's life at home in Virginia. He had a great zest for business. No details escaped him when once he was in the swing of the work. He was not many years in learning how to make the best tobacco in Virginia, and to get it recognized as such in England.

Six months before Washington's marriage he had been chosen a member of the House of Burgesses for Frederick County, the county which had been his scene of adventure in the old days of surveying in the wilderness, and in which ever since Braddock's fatal rout he had maintained his headquarters, striving to keep the border against the savages.

The young soldier was unused to assemblies, and suffered keen embarrassment to find himself for a space too conspicuous in the novel parliamentary scene. He had hardly taken his seat when the gracious and stately Robinson, Speaker of the House and Treasurer of the Colony these twenty years,

rose, at the bidding of the Burgesses, to thank him for the services of which all were speaking.

This sudden praise, spoken with generous warmth there in a public place, was more than Washington knew how to meet. He got to his feet when Mr. Speaker was done, but he could not utter a syllable. He stood there, instead, hot with blushes, stammering, all a-trembling from head to foot.

"Sit down, Mr. Washington!" cried the Speaker, "Your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

A Toast by Franklin.

Franklin was once dining with some Englishmen and Frenchmen. When toasts were proposed, an Englishman arose and with a Briton's pride said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations." A Frenchman next arose and, with a Frenchman's enthusiasm proposed: "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Then Benjamin Franklin, with a twinkle in his eye, arose and said: "Gentlemen, here's to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him."

Finger Exercise for Washington's Birthday.

TUNE:—"Piggy Wig and Piggy Wee."

Here's the little cherry tree (2)
Which George Washington did see
When, a laddie (3) young and gay,
He went out to walk (4) one day.

Here's the hatchet (5) sharp and bright—
'Twas George Washington's delight;
Whe he saw that little tree,
He began (6) to chop with glee.

Now the father tall we see (7)
Asking, "who has cut my tree?"
And we hear the lad (8) reply, (9)
"Father, I can't tell a lie.

We will watch this laddie grow, (10)
Of his life we're glad to know,
Till a general he stands
Leading trusty soldier bands.

He becomes a President; (11)
Gifts of love to him are sent; (12)
People out of every state (13)
Say that he is good and great.

On his birthday, every year,
Flags are flying (14) far and near;
Our own banner (15) shall be one,
For we love George Washington.

2. Pointer of *left* hand held vertically.
3. Little finger of *right* hand held up.
4. *Right* hand's little finger moved along until in front of *left* hand's pointer.
5. Pointer of *right* hand held horizontally.
6. Pointer of *right* hand "chop" pointer of *left* hand.
7. Middle finger of *left* hand held up.
8. Little finger of *right* hand brought near this middle finger.

9. Little finger bent at top to denote embarrassment.
10. At word *grow* hold up thumb of *right* hand; at *life* hold up ring finger; at *know* hold up pointer; at *general* hold up middle finger; at *leading* hold up fingers of left hand to represent soldiers and move them along as if marching, the *general* walking ahead.
11. Hold middle finger of *right* hand high above head.
12. Let fingers of *left* hand bow, one by one.
13. Wave *left* hand all around.
14. Let fingers of *both* hands dance merrily.
15. Hold *right* hand high and wave triumphantly.

Speeches for Small Patriots.

You may talk about the countries
That lie beyond the sea,
But America's the country
That's good enough for me!

The Stars and Stripes! The Stars and Stripes!
Oh! That's the flag I love!—(*Waves a flag.*)
Long may we see it proudly float,
Our schools and homes above.

Our country! It shall ever be
More dear to me than any other;—
A home for all that are oppressed,
Where the rich man to the poor is brother.

Red, white and blue is our country's flag—
The flag of the brave and free;

Red, white and blue wherever we go,
Is the flag for you and me. (*Speaker holds flag*)

George Washington.

(A recitation for three small boys.)

First Boy.—

A wee, small boy, not very large,
His mother called him "little George."
But boys will grow, and next we see
A larger boy—and cherry tree.
His little hatchet cuts it down
And then he fears his father's frown.

Second Boy.—

He boldly says, "I did it, I;
Father, I *cannot* tell a lie."
A great man leading, next we see,
He fought to make his country free.
And when the battles he had won,
The whole world would know our Washington.

Third Boy.—

Then all the people said that he
Our first great president should be.
He lived a long and useful life,
Was dear in peace as well as strife.
He lived to make his country glad,
And when he died all men were sad.

All.

Then let us in the passing years
Honor his name with hearty cheers—
George Washington, our Washington!

(*Three cheers.*)

A Famous Sword.

A little boy should be dressed with knee breeches,
buckles on shoes and at knees, frills in shirt front
and at the wrists, three-cornered hat trimmed with
gold or silver lace, coat trimmed with same lace. He
should carry an old sword in a scabbard.

These clothes are like George Washington's;
I know they're quaint to-day,
But these are what the men wore then—
I think they're very gay.

This sword my great, great grandpa had;
'Tis heavy as can be;
He fought with General Washington,
That's why it's dear to me.

I wouldn't part with this old sword,
Just think! It's very old!
And where it's been! How cannon roared!
And flags waved, fold on fold.

Perhaps some day I'll have a sword
That won't so heavy be.
And like my great, great grandpa I
Shall fight as well as he.

But now our country most does need
A little boy like me;
If I can't be a hero great,
I can be good, you see.

Washington's Birthday.

To-day's a holiday, you know,
And so we children, just for fun,

Said we would dress like old-time folks,
And I'd be Martha Washington.

We searched through all the garret's chests
And found, among forgotten hoards,
The stiffest silks and old brocades,
And ruffled caps and tarnished swords.

And when at last we all were dressed,
We went to my great grandma's room,
She smiled and colored with delight
Until her cheeks were all in bloom,

Take care dear children that you wear
Not only clothes of ancient days,
But manners of those gracious dames
Who won all by their gentle ways.

The brow beneath your powdered hair
Is very fair, my great, grandchild,
So keep your thoughts; and let your eyes
Reflect a heart both true and mild.

This hand, which holds a painted fan,
Must work, that tired hands may rest;
Since Martha Washington, we know,
Could spin and weave at want's request.

The feet where buckled slippers shine,
May some day tread a thorny road;
Hold fast the pictures of brave lives,
And never falter with the load.

Then dear great grandma blessed us all,
And down the hall our steps we turned;
It is a holiday, 'tis true,
But every girl her lesson learned.

The Flag of Washington.

Dear banner of my native land, ye glimmering silver stars,
Broad, spotless ground of purity, crossed with your azure bars—
Clasped by the hero-father's hand—watched over in his might,
Through battle-hour and day of peace, bright morn and moonless night,
Because, within your clustering folds, he knew you surely bore
Dear Freedom's hope for human souls to every sea and shore!
O precious flag beneath whose fold such noble deeds are done!
The dear old flag, the starry flag, the flag of Washington!
Unfurl, bright stripes, shine forth, clear stars; swing outward to the breeze!
Go bear your message to the wilds, go tell it on the seas,
That poor men sit within your shade, and rich men in their pride;
That beggar boys and statesmen's sons walk 'neath you side by side.
You guard the schoolhouse on the green, the church upon the hill,
And fold your precious blessings round the cabin by the rill;
While weary hearts from every land beneath the shining sun

Find work, and rest, and home beneath the flag of Washington.

And never, never on the earth, however brave they be,

Shall friends or foes bear down this great, proud standard of the free,

Though they around its staff may pour red blood in rushing waves,

And build beneath its starry folds great pyramids of graves;

For God looks out with sleepless eye upon His children's deeds,

And sees through all their good and ill, their sufferings and their needs;

And He will watch, and He will keep, till human rights have won;

The dear old flag, the starry flag, the flag of Washington!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[If convenient procure a large picture of Lincoln and drape around it the United States flag. Beneath it place the date of his birth, February 12, 1809. A stencil portrait for reproduction on the blackboard may be obtained of the HOWE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ira, Ohio.]

Voice.

Who guided our noble ship of State
Through crimson seas of strife?

Who saved it from the rocks of fate,
And waves that sought its life?

Who stood so nobly at the helm
Through voyage four years long?
When dangers threaten to o'erwhelm,
Who kept his courage strong?

And when our gallant ship of State
Into safe harbor sailed,
What name in all the land was great,
With joyous honors hailed?

All.

We know the name We know it well.
With gratitude our hearts now swell,
As Abraham Lincoln's name we tell.

[Enter one of the oldest boys, dressed as an elderly man, with hat and wig, and long coat or cloak. Inside the door he stops and speaks.]

Old Gentleman.

Dear boys and girls, I'm growing old,
Perchance you'll think I'm over-bold;
But as I passed along the way,
I heard young voices "Lincoln" say.
That name! It took me down the years,
And to mine eyes it brought the tears.

For I knew Lincoln, knew his life
All through that four years' bloody strife;
And many things my lips could tell,
Which would his praises only swell.
But I have interrupted you, I fear,
And I would fain your youthful voices hear;
I'll take a seat and list to you,
And add a word when you get through.

Voice.

A wreath to Lincoln's memory let us twine—
A wreath of words—and each must bring a line.

First Scholar.

I'll bring this thought—a self-made man was he.
For him that forms a strong and earnest plea.

Second Scholar.

Could old Kentucky's pines but find a tongue,
They'd tell how very poor he was when young.

Third Scholar.

O, boys, just think, and thinking drop a tear!
His schooling all amounted to *one year*.

Fourth Scholar.

His books were few, but those he read
Till *pages* off by heart he said.

Fifth Scholar.

He entered every open door,
First worked a farm, then tended store.

Sixth Scholar.

A flat-boat, with its freighted store
He sailed adown the river to the shore.

Seventh Scholar.

Of "Honest Abe" he earned the name,
And justly could the title claim.

Eighth Scholar.

The temperance cause he made his own,
And stood for temperance, though alone.

Ninth Scholar.

A lawyer's life at length chose he,
And mastered argument and plea.

Tenth Scholar.

While legal matters he was weighing,
He paid his way by land surveying.

Eleventh Scholar.

The fourth of March, in Eighteen sixty-one,
His term as President he then begun.

Twelfth Scholar.

From backwoods to the White-house chair!
What contrast doth one short life bear!

Thirteenth Scholar.

He scarce had taken there his seat
Ere drum of war began to beat.

Fourteenth Scholar.

All through that four years' civil war,
He lived and worked his country for.

Fifteenth Scholar.

What e'er the faults in his life-plan,
He was a truly great, good man.

Sixteenth Scholar.

In heart and aim with all his people one,
He loved them as a father might have done.

Seventeenth Scholar.

Great-hearted, patient, honest soul!
Thy name shall live while centuries roll.

Old gentleman rises and speaks.

Just here let me a story tell

Of Lincoln, whom I knew so well;
'Twill serve, perchance, to set apart
The memory of that tender heart.

THE STORY.

'Twas in the war-times early days,
When eyes looked forth with anxious gaze,
A young lad had been doomed to die—
And would'st thou know the reason why?

He had been placed as sentinel,
And at his post asleep he fell;
And for that closing of his eyes,
Before him dreamless slumber lies.

The President read the sentence through
And murmured: "The act I cannot do—
Brought up on farm, at work late kept—
Poor boy! No wonder that he slept."

And o'er the paper he drew his pen,
And signed his pardon there and then.
Great-hearted man! Shall I unfold
What later on the sequel told?

At Fredericksburg, among the slain,
A lad beyond all mortal pain
Was lying by himself apart,
A picture next his youthful heart.

'Twas Lincoln's picture that he wore,
And just beneath these words it bore—
"God bless Abram Lincoln." Thus he showed
The debt of love to him he owed.

Eighteenth Scholar.

On January first, of Eighteen sixty-three,
Four million slaves by him were then set free.

Nineteenth Scholar.

He was the black man's truest friend,
And they will love him to the end.

Twentieth Scholar.

Four years of service, another begun,
'And peace for the Union at length was won.

Twenty-first Scholar.

The song of peace doth scarce begin to swell,
When 'neath assassin's hand our Lincoln fell.

Twenty-second Scholar.

And then was mourning deep, wide-spread,
For that great heart a-lying dead.

Twenty-third Scholar.

All through the North the sad bells tolled,
And over the land a sadness rolled.

Twenty-fourth Scholar.

They bore him back to his native soil,
The President, born a son of toil.

All.

O'er Lincoln's name there hangs a glory,
Born not of song, and not of story;
But in his simple, honest worth
His greatness had its only birth.

Old gentleman speaks.

Children, one word and then I'll go my way—
I've much enjoyed this time with you to-day.

This lesson learn from Lincoln all—
You may be in the world's eyes small,
But follow truth and follow right,
And you may mount to any height.
Some one of you may President be one day,
Within the time that seems so far away—
As I go forth I fain would hear
The name of Lincoln in mine ear.

[Passes out.]

All.

Lincoln! we love the household name,
Thou'rt lost to earth but not to fame,
And now for our Union grand and free
Let us give one, two and three—

Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!

Lincoln's Dream.

Heavily laden and spirit spent,
His sad heart wrapped in a cloud of gloom,
Abraham Lincoln, worn and bent,
Sat in the President's room.

The midnight hour had come and gone,
But still through the masses of war's routine,
He patiently, silently plodded on,
A weariless, great machine.

Sherman swept there, Grant thundered here,
Phil Sheridan, well, he was everywhere;
And the President heard, with the spirit's ear,
The bursting of shells in air.

He saw the legions of armed men
Sowing the earth with their seed of slain,

And the Angel of Death through prairie and glen
Passed, reaping his human grain.

Brother met brother in deadly hate,
Father and son were as foe and foe;
The brow of the proud old ship of state
Steered on through a sea of woe.

And as he gazed he rested his head
On his strong, broad hands, to shut out the
world—

When lo! the vision of sorrow fled
And the banner of death was furled.

The scene was changed; by the harbor gates
Where the Empire City holds queenly sway,
The President saw, 'mid a nation's fetes,
An army in proud array.

Onward it surged through the crowded mart,
Down through the noble Fifth avenue.
And Lincoln asked; with a fear at his heart:
"Is it the Gray or the Blue?"

Nearer and nearer yet they come,
The grizzled heroes of many scars,
With the call of bugle and beat of the drum,
Grim voices from out the wars.

The President gazed again; he saw,
Outstreaming upon the welcoming wind,
The Stars and Stripes unstained by a flaw,
And the Blue and the Gray entwined.

The scales of the flesh had fallen then
From his closed, sad eyes, in sweet release;

And he saw at the head of the marching men
The beautiful Angel of Peace!

As forward they marched, the Blue and the Gray,
Tipping salute to their dauntless chief,
The shadows rolled from his brow away
And banished was all his grief.

Soul-united, they onward marched,
Brothers indeed by freedom's grace,
And over the land the rainbow arched,
A token to all the race.

Ah! never was vision more heavenly fair
To raptured saint in his utmost bliss,
As the drawn lips muttered in burning prayer:
“I thank you, my God, for this!”

* * * * *

The clock struck one. With a start he rose,
While out of his face went the vision's gleam,
He cried from the depths of his great heart's
woes:

“A dream? Is it all a dream?”

Ah, no, it was more, far more, brave soul,
A prophecy sure of things to be,
When the music of union should surge and roll
Unbroken from sea to sea.

When right should rule, whatever the cost,
And each man's gain be the common good,
When the petty spoil should be merged and lost
In the passion of nationhood.

And out of the stateliest dwellings of light,
From the depths of the deathless stars above,
Your voice speaks down through the vaults of
night:
“The triumph of life is love.”

A HIGHLY RESPECTED DEBATIN' - SASIETY.

BY LUCY JENKINS.

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This entertainment is not designed for a stage. It is much more effective to be given in the front part of a school-room or assembly hall, the audience occupying the seats in the rear.

This society consists of thirty boys, faces blacked, if desired; eighteen of whom take an active part and twelve assist in applauding, etc.

The CHAIRMAN occupies the rostrum and the SECRETARY is seated at his left. A gavel is on a table by the side of the CHAIRMAN and pen, ink and a secretary's book on a table in front of the SECRETARY. The society is divided almost equally: part in favor of the pen and part in favor of the sword. Applause from each side must be freely given, both during and after the speeches.

If entered into, with spirit, this is a very pleasing entertainment.

As the CHAIRMAN rises to give his introductory speech—applause from the society—

"Ladies and Ge'men, Friends and Friendnesses, Citizens and Citizeneses, Dis am de second annual meetin' ob dis mos' highliest honah'd and respected Debatin' Sasiety ob———. De Committee on "wastin' de means" hab propounded de combined efforts ob dere noggin capacities and hab decided dat de quextion to be discussed and settled hyah to-night am as follows: "*Which am de mightiest, de pen or de swoahd.* (Applause.)

We will be pleased to heah from each membah ob dis larned sasiety and from all outsiders who may take an int'rest derein.

Let me ask befo' presumin' my seat, dat de ushers close de doo'ahs and anybody enterin' aftah de biz-ness ob dis meetin' hab begun—please gib dem a seat in de rear. We will now listen to de minutes ob de las' meetin'."

Secretary. "Mistah President, Meetin' Oct. 3, 19—at 7:15 in de town hall ob———. Meetin' opened wid de usual preliminary profound progoda-shuns. Question befo' de house: "*Which was de greatest gen'ral—Bunkah Hill or Gaw'ge Washington?* Dis question was dooly scussed and discussed. De judges retired and bro't fo'th de following decision. "Gawge Washington will stand fo' eber because he cannot lie, but Bunkah Hill wid his brave deeds, cutainly takes de pie.'"

Chairman. De question am' befo' de house.

The society sits as in deep thought for a few seconds—Ideas seem slow to materialize; the CHAIRMAN fearing the meeting will not be an interesting one, rises and says :

"We want dis hyah meetin' to be pretty interestin' tonight; Uncle Persimmons, (*Looking at an old man—No. 15*) wouldn't you open dis discou'se?"

Uncle Persimmons. (No. 15.) Mistah President, (*recognition by Chairman*) I—(cough)—don't know —er—(cough)—which side—er—I—er—am on. May be—er—perhaps, sah—befo'—er—dis meetin'—er—am sojourned—sah—I will know, sah—which—er—side—er—I'm on sah. But in—er—my present state—er—ob feelin's,—I—er—like de pen, sah—'kase—I—er—like to write, sah; and I—er—like de sword, sah—er—'kase I like—er—to fight, sah!

More enthusiasm is shown, and Nos. 12 and 13 rise and call out "Mr. Chairman." *The President recognizes No. 13, MR. WHITTAKER.*

Mr. Whittaker. I tinks I believe dat I am on de pen side. Let me ax one question dat comes to my head jist dis min-u-et, and dat am dis: "What's de use ob de swoahd unless you's a gwyne to waah? And who's hyah dat's gwyne to waah?" Nobody, sah! I bet no one what done speaks on de swoahd side has de most faintest idee ob gwyne to waah! Den what's de use ob de swoahd? I don't tink dar is much argiment on de question.

[*Cheers from the pen side.*]

Nos. 18, 14 and 3 jump to their feet calling "Mr. Pres-y-dent—Mr. Chairman, etc." *MR. FIELDS, (No. 81,) is recognized.*

Mr. Fields. My frien' ax de quextion, "What's de use ob de swoahd unless you's gwyne to waah?" I ax de quextion, "What's de use ob de pen 'less ye knows how to write?" Look, my friendnesses, at

de Chilluns ob Isr'l—dar wasn't but one man in de whole gang a gwyne up from Egyp' to de Promis' Lan' dat could write, and he couldn't write much—

No. 2. Who done wrote de ten commandments, any how, you bet?

Mr. Fields. Wrote 'em! (*Looking bewildered and scratching his head.*) Wrote 'em! (*Turning to his friends.*) Golly! who did write 'em? (*One says Noah, another Moses, another Abraham.*) But dat don't make no diffunce nohow who did wrote 'em. (*Yells from the opposite side.*) Dey wasn't wrote anyhow; dey was *cut wid a chisel!*. (*Cheers from sword side.*) No, sah! de swoahd, sah, what's fotched 'em to de Promis' Lan', sah! Why, sah! it's ridiculous sah. Tink, sah, ob Dabid a-cuttin' off Golias's head wid a pen, sah! No, sah, de swoahd sah, must win de argiment sah! [Cheers.]

Nos. 17, 10 and 1 jump to their feet. No. 17, THE VENERABLE DR. DALTON is recognized and says:

Dr. Dalton. I tink Mistah Fields a leetle too fas'. He's a-speakin' ob de times in de dim pas', when de mind ob man was crude, and de hand ob man was in de ruff state and not toned down to de refinement ob cibilized times. What use hab we ob de barbrous swoahd? Why, de poet says, "Our swoahds rust in dere cubbards, an' so dey do, an' peas, sweet peas, cuber de lan'!" [No. 15 *interrupts and says:* "Dat's it!" *Sliding over to the end of the seat, he grasps DR. DALTON's hand and says:* "I believe I am on youah side—Yes, sah!"] An' what has wrot all dis change in de cronologies ob history—De pen! Do I take a swoahd to get me a pair ob chickens, a peck of 'ta-

ters, a pair ob shoes? No, sah! I jess take my pen and writes an ordah for 'em. Do I want money, I don't gets it by de edge ob de swoahd—I writes' a check. For instance, if I want a suit ob clo'es, a stroke ob de pen, dat mighty pen—de clo'es am on de way. I'se done.

Nos. 5, 4 and 16 jump to their feet, but before the President has a to chance recognize anyone, No. 9, a stranger, begins his speech without waiting for recognition. The members of the society turn around in a bewildered manner and listen attentively to the stranger, MR. JACKSON, No. 9.

Mr. Jackson Mr. President, I hope you will permit a stranger to enter into your midst dis ebenin'—I know I am enterin' unbenuunx to you, but as I was walkin' in de street below, some one told me dere was a debate a-goin' on up hyah; so I thot if my oratorical propensities would help you decide dis great proponderous quextion dat, all my colo'd bred'ren would be glad to heah me. I agree 'tirely wid Dr. Dalton. Tink, bred'ren, ob all de damage de swoahd has done in dis worl! Why, sah, where am Cicero, sah! In de yeahs gone by, dis world cheered at his name, sah! If he recommended any liver pills, dey was always de best, sah! If he was jedge at a hoss race, no man dared to appeal sah!

And whah am Pluto? When he crossed de Rubicon, de world thundered, sah! When he crossed de Alps, de nations trembled, sah! But, sah, when he wrote Paradise Los', sah, dis ole earth thundered; trembled, wept, and ebery oder kind ob ting, and he

wrote it wid a pen, sah! De pen, sah, I say de pen, sah, am de mightiest instrument, sah!

But I did not come hyah to take up de time ob dis meetin'; I simply desired to treat you wid a few gems from my oratorical album. I wish to say to you all dat I can be found hereaftah at 2031 Harrison Alley, where I shall be ready at all times to cure corns, bunions, cracked heels, sore toes, ingrown toenails, etc.

I tank dis learned body fer allowin' a stranger to come amongst you dis ebenin'. Bizness engagements done presses me very hard at present, but owin' to de interest I hab in you all, I tink I shall stay to see dis meetin' out.

[Cheers.]

Nos. 11, 12, 2 and 7 jump to their feet. No. 7, REV. RAYNOND, is recognized.

Rev. Raymond. I hab but a bery few words to say on dis quextion dis ebenin', but wid all due 'spect to de learned ge'men dat has jess spoke, we mus' all agree dat for smoovin' tings off and a-levelin' tings down, dar's notting equals de swoahd.

[Cheers.]

Nos. 11, 12, 6, 3 and 14 jump to their feet—wild enthusiasm—No. 14, DEACON HOLLAND is recognized.

Deacon Holland. I agrees 'tirely wid Rev. Raymond; and in answer to what Dr. Dalton said, I would like to ax, "What's de use ob drawin' a check 'less you's got de money in de bank, or a-drawin' de order on a store 'less de store truss you?" [No. 15—"De store do truss."] Suppose de store do truss —ain't it easier to send a boy as to write an order? [No. 15—"Got no boy handy."] If you got no boy,

telephone. [No. 15—"Got no telephone."] No, sah! [Shaking fist at No. 15 who has moved to the end of the seat.] No use foah de pen nohow, not one bit. Whoever heard ob Mr. Hill's pen? [From the pen side, "I, I, I."] Nobody, sah! But his swoahd, sah, —de swoahd ob ole Bunkah Hill, sah, is known to ebery chile in de lan' sah! Why, sah, if it hadn't been foah de swoahd ob ole Bunkah Hill sah, whar would we niggahs be to-night, sah? Whar, sah? Why, in Georgia, sah, or wuss, sah! No culled man—I repeat it, sah, no culled man should eber go back on de swoahd, sah!

Wildest enthusiasm; almost all of them jump to their feet, yelling, etc. The Chairman rises and says: "Dis hyah meetin' come to order!" In the confusion his order is not heard. He then picks up his gavel and brings it heavily down on the table two or three times. This calms them somewhat, and he says: "Dis hyah meetin' hab got to come to order or I'll ax de assistance ob de police." They look arott'd the room in an awè-struck manner and all becomes quiet as they one by one resume their seats. Then the Chairman rises and says: "Ladies and Ge'men: Owin' to de intrest an' ensusiasm shown in dis meetin' to-night, I tink it would be well to stop all dis speechifyin' part and let de jedges decide de mattah. [Heads are nodded in assent; some say "Dat's de way, yes," etc. DR. DALTON says "I tink dat too."] Derefo' I hereby appoint [pointing out in order Nos. 1, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11 and 12.] Gawge Washington De Ea Fayette Grisdale, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe Lucas, Peter Stuyvesant Madison, Stonewall Jack-

son Bird, Tippecanoe Harrison and Bill Jones as committee to sit on dis quextion. Dese learned ge'men will please repair to de room on de left."

The judges rise and go to the room on the left; as they are leaving the Chairman says: "De sasiety will await de decission."

While they are waiting for the judges to come to a decision, the members talk in groups; No. 14 goes back to the stranger, introduces himself, and engages in conversation. No. 7 then comes back and is introduced to the stranger by No. 14.

The conversations grow in volume until they reach the point where the CHAIRMAN thinks it expedient to put a stop to it and he uses his gavel vigorously on the table and says "Dis hyah meetin' come to order."

This may serve as a signal for the JUDGES to return. They all take their former seats except the chairman or speaker; who stops half way between the CHAIRMAN and SECRETARY and says:

"Mistah Presy-dint" (the CHAIRMAN recognizes him by saying)—"Most highly and respected Judge." (The JUDGE continues: "De committee hab decided dat de swoahd has de most points and de bes' back-in!" (cheers from the sword side) "and dat de pen am de most beneficial (cheers from the pen side) "and dat de whole ting am at a final stand off."

(Exclamations of disapproval from both sides then five or six jump up in protest, yelling—"Mistah President—Mr. Chaarmen, etc., when No. 4 screams out:—"Mr. President, I move dis hyah meetin' adjourn, sign er die." (sine die)

Dr. Dalton (yells) I move dat too.

No. 16 (quickly says) I seconds de commotion.

President. It has been moved and seconded dat dis meetin' adjourn. All in favor say "Aye"—

(*Majority says Aye.*)

President. Contrary "No."

(*Minority says "No."*)

President. Majority rules. Dis meetin' am adjourned.

FINIS.





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